1909

ST. JAMES'S HALL, WORTHING
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 12th

[1909]

Under the direction of Messrs. SCOTT & MANSFIELD, by arrangement with THOMAS QUINLAN, London,

MISS

KATHLEEN PARLOW

THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE YEAR.

ASSISTED BY

Mr. FRASER GANGE

(THE NEW SCOTCH BARITONE),

Miss HILDA SAXE

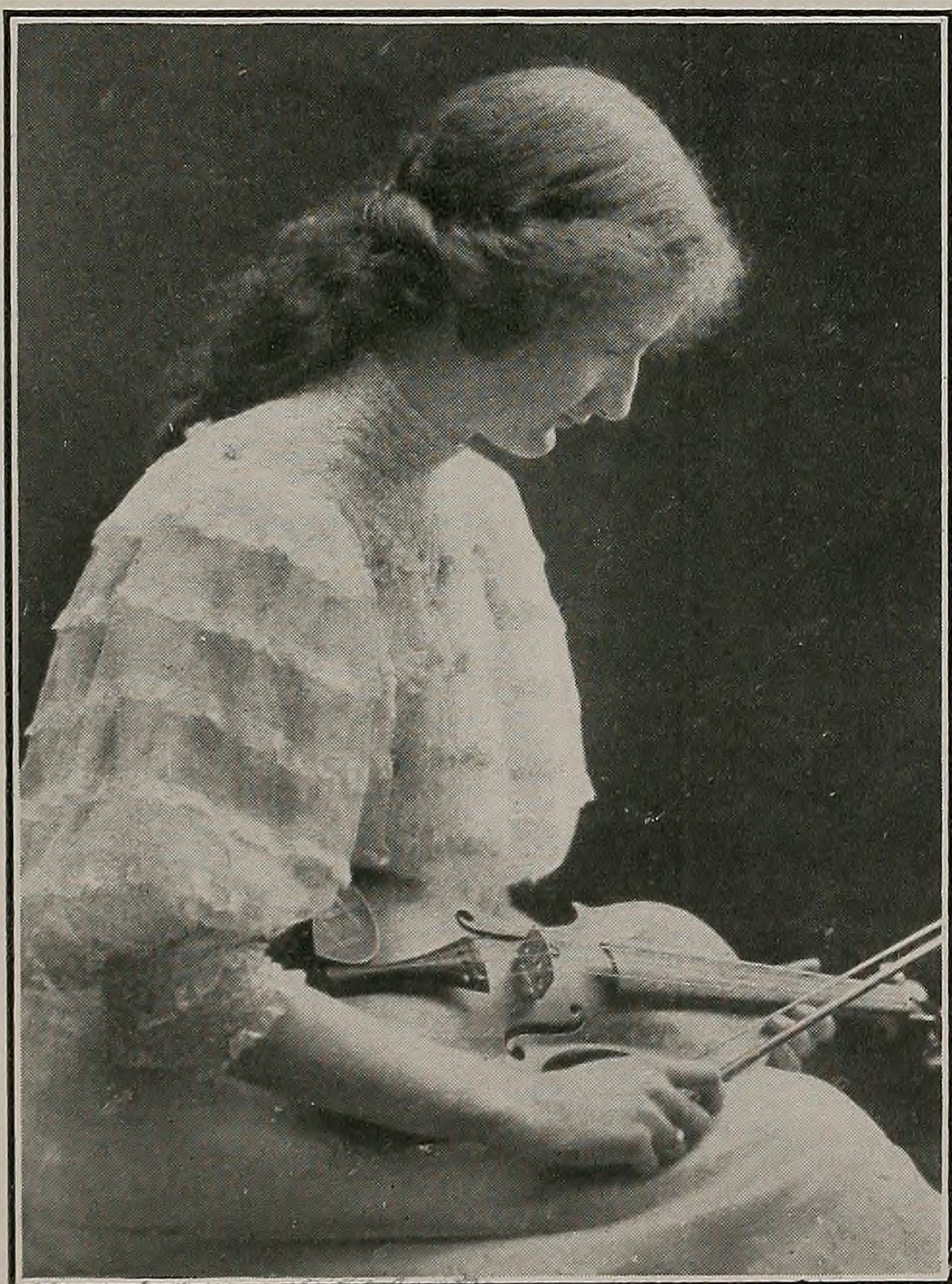
(PIANIST),

Mr. CHARLTON KEITH

(ACCOMPANIST).

PROGRAMME AND WORDS, THREEPENCE.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.



CONCERTO in E minor - - *Mendelssohn*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.



(*a*) Il Penseroso - - - - *Liszt*
(*b*) Caprice - - - *Paganini-Liszt*

Miss HILDA SAXE.

(*a*) "Oh let the solid ground" } *Arthur Somervell*
(*b*) "Birds in the high Hall-garden" }

Mr. FRASER GANGE.

(*a*) "OH LET THE SOLID GROUND."

Oh let the solid ground
  Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
  What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may:
  What matter if I go mad?
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
  Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite, quite sure
  That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
  To a life that has been so sad:
I shall have had my day.

Tennyson.

(*b*) "BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL-GARDEN."

Birds in the high Hall-garden,
  When twilight was falling,
"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,"
  They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? In our wood;
  And I—who else?—was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies:
  Myriads blow together.

Birds in our woods sang,
  Ringing thro' the valleys:
"Maud is here, here, here,
  In among the lilies."

I kissed her slender hand;
  She took the kiss sedately.
Maud is not seventeen,
  But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went
  Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows,
  And left the daisies rosy.

Tennyson.

(*a*) Chant de Veslemoy
(*b*) Two Norwegian Dances } - *Halvorsen*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

Scherzo in B flat minor - - *Chopin*

Miss HILDA SAXE.

(*a*) Annie Laurie
(*b*) "Green grow the rashes, O!" } - *Scotch*

Mr. FRASER GANGE.

(*a*) ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew ;
An it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true :
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet :
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

(*b*) "GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O."

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O !
What signifies the life o' man,
An' twerna for the lasses, O !

Green grow the rashes, O !
Green grow the rashes, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O !

Gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
Ma airms aboot ma dearie, O !
An' warldly cares an' warldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O !
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O !

(*a*) Serenade - - - - *Drigo*
(*b*) Polonaise - - - *Wieniawsky*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

EVENING PROGRAMME.

Concerto in D minor - - - *Wieniawsky*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

(*a*) Prelude - - - *Rachmaninoff*

(*b*) Leggieregga - - - - *Liszt*

Miss HILDA SAXE.

(*a*) Vulcan's Song - - - *Gounod*
(*b*) In the Great Unknown - - *Guy D'Hardelot*

Mr. FRASER GANGE.

a) VULCAN'S SONG.

Au bruit des lourds marteaux d'airain,
Au sombre éclat de la fournaise,
Dans mon empire souterrain,
Je marche et je respire à l'aise.
Je règne en maître souverain.
Mais chez vous j'en ai honte,
Chaque fois que j'y monte
J'enrage de me voir
Si difforme et si noir,
Mon aspect vous fait rire,
Et tout bas j'entends dire :
" Vénus n'avait pas tort,
Il mérite son sort."
Sans écouter le reste,
Loin du séjour céleste
Moi, je fuis : voilà pourquoi
J'aime à rester chez moi.

Sous les monts ferméz au ciel bleu
Je commande à toute une armée,
De noirs géants, maîtres du feu,
Au sein de l'ardente fumée.
Comme vous, là-haut, je suis Dieu !
Mais quand Junon m'invite,
A lui rendre visite
J'enrage de me voir, etc.

English Version.

Where loud my heavy hammers sound,
And bright my furnace fires are glowing,
Within my kingdom underground
I reign supreme, no rival knowing.
No greater monarch can be found.
But when above I venture,
Olympus' halls to enter,
My grimy form and face
Quickly bring me to disgrace ;
As I go limping slowly
I can hear them whisper lowly :
" No wonder Beauty's Queen
With him would not be seen ! "
I dare no longer stay,
But quickly haste away.
So now you know
Why I remain below.

Below, in realms of endless night,
A valiant army I assemble—
My swarthy slaves of giant might,
Who at my faintest nod will tremble ;
There I reign, a god, in my might.
But when above, etc.

(*b*) IN THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

Should I be dying, read from out some book,
That thy melodious voice, thy loving look,
May help to waft me, as it were with wings,
And teach my thoughts to turn to better things.
Then when the sunlight of my life has set,
Kiss thou my lips, nor in thy grief forget
To stand before me, closing both mine eyes,
That I may keep thy face till I arise.
Pray then that, when my spirit forth hath flown,
Our souls may meet somewhere in the great unknown.

Mackenzie Fairfax.

Rondo Capriccioso - - - *Saint-Saëns*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

POLONAISE in E - - - - *Liszt*

Miss HILDA SAXE.

(*a*) "OPEN THY GATE" (New Song) *A. Woodforde-Finden*
(*b*) "THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH" - *Scotch*

Mr. FRASER GANGE.

(*a*) "OPEN THY GATE."

Here in the highway, without thy garden-wall,
Here in the babel and the glare,
Sick for thy haven, O sweet, to thee I call :
Open thy gate unto my prayer.
Open thy gate.

Cool is thy garden-plot, pleasant thy shade,
All things commend thee in thy place.
Dwelling on thy perfectness, O sweet, I am afraid,
But, fearing, long to look upon thy face.
Open thy gate.

Over the ample globe searching for thee —
Thee and thy garden—have I come ;
Ended my questing : no more, no more for me,
O sweet, the pilgrim's sandals call me home.
Open thy gate.

Gilbert Parker.

(*b*) "THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH."

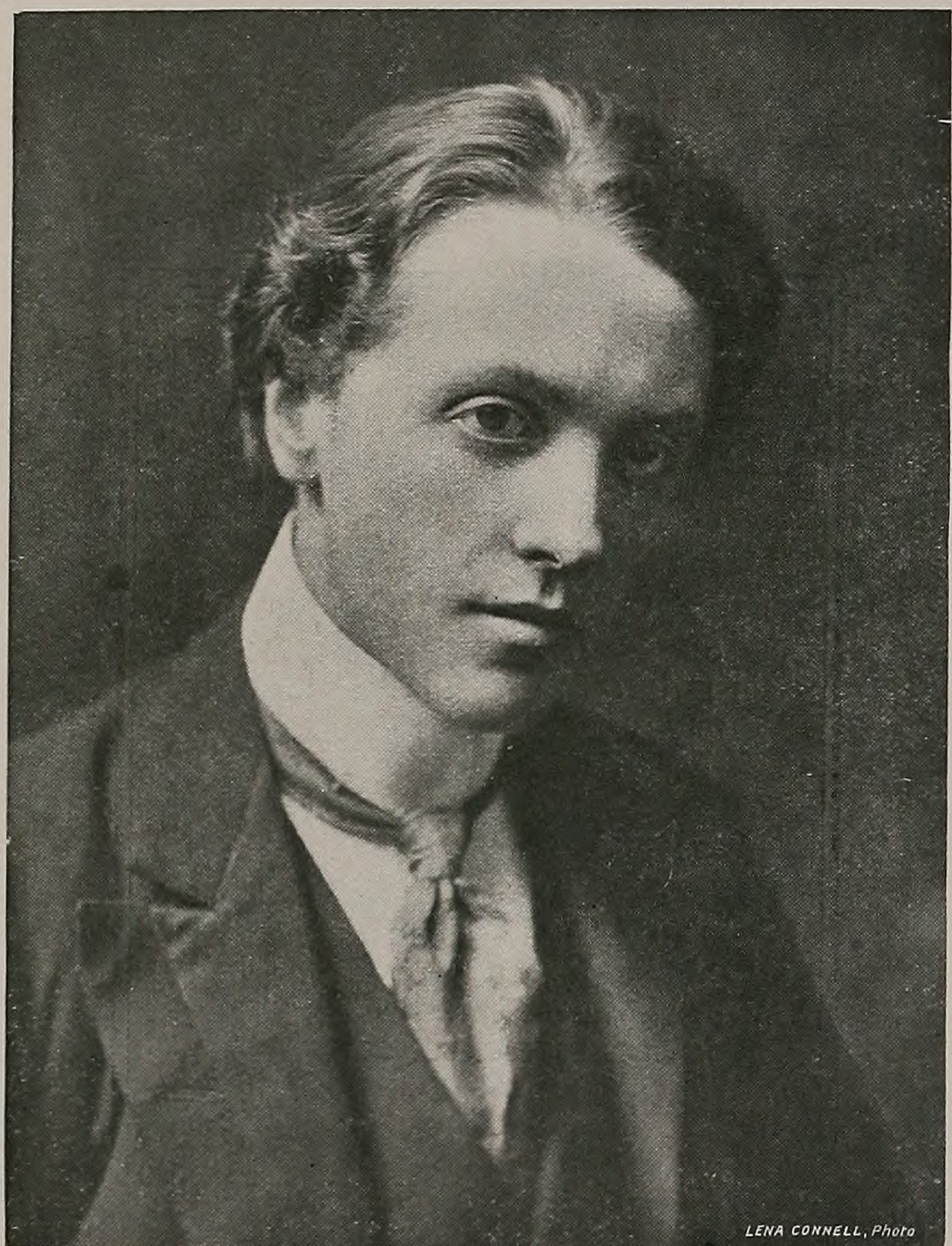
There grows a bonnie brier-bush in oor kail-yaird,
And sweet are the blossoms on't in oor kail-yaird ;
And 'neath that bonnie brier-bush a bonnie lass and lad
Are busy, busy courtin' in oor kail-yaird.

In days o' mair simplicity sic things were aften dared,
An' mony a maid's been woo'd an' won in her kail-yaird ;
But noo thay're sae particular, sae muckle on thay're gaird,
That lasses shake their heids at love in oor kail-yaird.

Whae'er may think, wi' pen an' ink, that love can be declared,
Will find that passion's by a pen maist woefully impaired ;
For me, I dinna like the love that's written on a caird—
I'd rather ha'e't by word o' mou' in oor kail yaird.

(*a*) AVE MARIA - - - - *Schubert*
(*b*) SPINNLIED - - - *Popper-Auer*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.



At the Piano—

Mr. CHARLTON KEITH.

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